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A CAUTION to the LIVERYMEN of LONDON  
against the GENERAL ELECTION.

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BEING

A SERMON on Drunkenness;

Shewing it both a SIN and FOLLY.

To which is prefixed,

An ADDRESS to the LIVERY, and another to the  
CANDIDATES.

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By the Rev. JAMES PENN,

Vicar of CLAVERING CUM LANGLEY, ESSEX,  
And Domestic Chaplain to Earl GOWER.

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To be had at his House, No. 129, Fore-street, near Cripple-  
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# TO THE LIVERYMEN

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THE CITY OF LONDON:

GENTLEMEN,

**A**S a Citizen I have a Right to address you, as a Clergyman it is my Duty to give you a Word of Exhortation. The septennial Carnival draws near, when you will be called upon to express your Zeal for the Interest of your Country by drinking deep, and to determine the Merit of your Candidates by the Quantity of good Cheer, they shall afford you. O ye Fools, when will ye understand? Know ye not, that Death is in the Pot, and Poison in the Cup? Do you not eat and drink your own Damnation, when you sacrifice your Conscience to Mirth and Jollity, and feast on the Liberties of your Country? For seven Days of Riot and Drunkenness you lay up for yourselves seven Years Sorrows. Great Men have their Price, and you have yours: They barter Reputation and Honour for Place and Pension, and you, O shameful to relate! for wallowing in the Mire, and infamous spewing. Be it so. Say what you will Parson, I love a Subject that we can feed upon. Say Grace, and hold your  
B 2 Tongue.

Tongue. He shall have my Vote, I promise you; aye, if I had a thousand. <sup>key</sup> ~~Q~~ he is a fine Man. I never ate better Turtle and Chine in my Life. Excellent old Port, Ned. He is certainly a man of Understanding. Who doubts it? When he speaks, it is always to the Purpose. Commendable indeed! So did Balaam's Ass—Once—Who would be a successful Candidate,—if we were to judge—you know what I mean—provided the Master would give a Treat. Why—I think you are right. Eloquence, however, is not a necessary Qualification. True. After your patriotic Squires have harangued for four and twenty Hours—What then? A Yea, or Nay, is to decide the Affair, and he that can nicely distinguish the Difference, is the wisest of all. The Man, who cannot speak, will not misrepresent us. Pray Gentlemen be sober; shew yourselves wise, redeeming the Time, because the Days are Evil. Follow Jethro's Advice to Moses. Choose ye out *able Men*, such as *fear God*, *Men of Truth*, hating *Covetousness*—Gifts and Rewards will bias and corrupt the Integrity and Impartiality of the *necessitous Candidate*. The public Welfare and the Dignity of the Sovereign will be sacrificed to his private advantage. He means not to serve you, but himself—*The wicked Man*, however eminent his Abilities, should not be permitted the Power of doing Hurt. He cannot heartily concur in framing Laws of Reformation, who will be the Object of their Censure.



Censure. The Candidate, who is a Slave to his Vices, will stick at nothing to gratify them. The highest Bidder hath him — Prefer not the Man, who is attached *to any Party whatever*. He is the greatest Enemy to his Country. He is ever ready to consent to the Measures of his Principal right or wrong, and will thwart and oppose the most salutary and beneficial Designs for the public Good, if not suggested or adopted by his Favourite——*Regard not him*, who is loud and noisy in bellowing against Persons in Power. This fiery Zeal proceeds not from a true patriotic Spirit. He envies their Honours, and courts their Power, which, when obtained, you will hear no more of the Selfishness and Ambition of great Men. You have seen Instances to render the Sincerity of such Profession suspected. Your City, Gentlemen, is the Metropolis of England, and the Mart of Nations. Your Members have been always distinguished in the Country for the Guardians of the People's Liberties. Consider then, how important is your Choice, and how much it becomes you strictly to enquire and examine into the Ability and Integrity of the Candidates, lest you should vote rashly and injudiciously. Suffer not yourselves to be bribed by a Fowl and a Bottle, or corrupted by Promises of friendly Services, [*let them shew what they are capable of doing, by what they have done for you*] to go contrary to your Conscience, and the Interest of your Country. Remember your Oath,  
reflect

reflect on the Consequence of Perjury, not here, but hereafter, and smile at Damnation, if you can. Set an Example to the whole Kingdom of Disinterestedness, and Independency; taste none of their Delicacies; remembering that they who buy, will sell you, and that you cannot complain of a want of Honour in them, when you have put up your own to Sale. Seek for Persons of Ability, Integrity, and Independency; Men who can, and dare to speak the Truth; who need no Place; who want no Title; whose Glory will be the faithful Services they shall render to their Country and their Sovereign, their utmost Ambition the Approbation of their Constituents, and their Reward is the Applause of their own Conscience. Such Men are to be found. It is your Business to seek them, and your Interest and Duty to invite them to take upon them the important trust. A short Sketch of the Times will point out to you the Necessity of such a Choice. When our gracious Sovereign ascended the Throne, it was with Unanimity and Applause, with universal Consent and Approbation; not a single Murmur heard; no Dissatisfaction shewn; in the midst of Victories, Triumphs, and Success; fortunate in the Possession of able and uncorrupt Ministers, and in having a brave, a free, a loyal People for his Subjects. O, that the Glory of such a Sovereign, and the Happiness of such a People had been permanent! That pure disinterested Love  
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for our Country, which produced the great and memorable Events of the last War is absorbed in Selfishness. The public Good is indeed the Cry, but when the Wealth and Power, sought for by that Means, are acquired, the Noise ceases, and the boasted Patriotism expires in a Place and Pension. What Jealousy, what Suspicion, what Enmity, what Animosity reign amongst the Great. No kind of Men, nor Measures please. Nothing but Censures, Exclamations, and Invectives, not the most decent, nor the most just, freely circulate against each other. Such is the Behaviour of those, who affect to be studious of their Sovereign's Honour, and to be concerned for the Interest of the People. Formerly we had but two Parties in the Kingdom. Happy Times! when compared with the present. We are now split into a Number of little, yet powerful Factions; each striving for the Mastery over the other, and with that Rancour and Malice, as would disgrace a Savage, even an Hottentot. The Times must be bad indeed when Men of approved Ability choose to live retire, rather than expose themselves to the envy and Danger of an high and exalted Station. Whilst these fierce Contentions for Wealth and Power are subsisting, Trade in many of its Branches is at a Stand, the Manufacturer ceases from his Work, and the industrious Poor with their Families are perishing, through Want, in your Streets. These melancholy Truths are alarming,

ing, and, unless a Remedy is applied by an happy Union amongst the Great, and by attending to, and relieving, the Distresses of the Poor, the Consequences must be fatal. Especially if the Luxury and Wickedness of the Times are considered. Pride and Vanity are general. No one is content with his Condition in Life; every one is fond of appearing above it. This occasions Bankruptcies to be frequent, and Frauds numberless. We seem to have lost a Sense of shame, by excusing our Vices under the specious Pretext of being genteel and useful Accomplishments: So that what in former Times was held a Disgrace, is now thought to be an Ornament to human Nature. Thus Lewdness passes for Gallantry; Drunkenness is stiled good Fellowship; Prodigality is called good Nature; Avarice is judged to be Prudence and Industry; Parsimony is thought to be Economy; Gaming is a polite Amusement; Knavery is accounted Ingenuity, and the Man whose Wit lies in Obscenity, and whose Conversation is indecent, is esteemed the lively, the agreeable, the respectable Companion. Every one, who hath the Power, enhances the Price of his Commodities, and becomes rich by availing himself of the Distresses of the Publick. No Conscience is made of Injustice and Oppression. Famine stalks through the Land, and Sorrow sits on every Brow. An Heart of Steel must he have, who can hear of the present Distresses of the Poor, without Pity, without Concern.

Concern. See the tender Offspring with Tears soliciting that Morsel, which the affectionate Parent cannot give, it is his Life; yet to deny it is certain Death. See the helpless Infant with piteous Looks tugging at and pressing the dry Breasts, whose Mother, with bitter Wailing and Lamentation, weeps over her dying Child. See the Labourer driven by Necessity to transgress the Laws of his Country, to procure an hungry Meal, the wretched Subsistence of a Day. Starve, or hang. Cruel Alternative! What man in this sad situation would not prefer the latter to the former? What can Law, Reason, or Religion avail against the Pleadings and Calls of Nature? Let the Doctor be deprived of his Pudding, the Alderman of his Venison, the Minister of his Turtle, for twenty Hours. Good God! What a Bustle! What Clamour! Redress the dreadful Grievances immediately, or—What? Faith will be exchanged for Faction—Liberty, for Licentiousness—Loyalty, for Rebellion. Pray, Gentlemen, what think ye of the Case of the Poor? I defy the greatest Casuist in Divinity to say, that it is irreligious for them to cry out in this their Distress,—and the ablest Lawyer in the Kingdom to condemn them, if to abate the Calls of Hunger, and to still the Cry of their Children, *Give, Give*, when they have nothing to give, they should make somewhat too free with the Portion allotted for the Squi'e's Hounds, or his Swine. Would L—C—think you choose

to live on *Grains*, or an A—chb—p regale on *Skim Milk*, or a C——r be pleased to lie on a *Bed of Pease Straw*? What an Happiness is it to be born and live in a free and christian Country! Circumstances are against us. Can the Prosperity of a State long continue, wherein the Great are wholly devoted to Ambition; their Inferiors vying with each other in Luxury and Extravagance; the industrious Artizan, Labourer, and Manufacturer are starving; wherein Deism on the one Hand is endeavouring to subvert the Foundation of our Faith, and Enthusiasm on the other daily perverting the Purity of it; wherein Vice is represented in such a Form as to make it not a Sin, but a Virtue, to be wicked, and Goodness is taught by some, and by the Actions of others proved, a Work of Supererogation. The Wickedness of the Times we know hath been a common Topic in all Ages. If we are not worse than our Ancestors, much cannot be said in Commendation of our Goodness, when, from the little Appearance of Modesty, Sobriety, and Honesty amongst us, Chastity might be accounted a Sin, Intemperance a Virtue, and Dishonesty a public Good. Such then Gentlemen, is our Situation. It is easier to discover, than to remedy Evils. It will require a Depth of Wisdom to correct some, so as not to offend Liberty, nor injure Property. The Times want not Puppets, but Men. It is therefore incumbent upon you to choose, for your Representatives,

Men

Men of sound Wisdom and approved Understanding, who will be able to form some salutary Scheme of Reformation so much wanted, and preserve the internal Peace of the Kingdom, so much feared. Remember that your private Happiness, the Interest of Virtue and Religion, the Welfare of your Country, and the Dignity of your Sovereign demand, and depend upon it. Then we shall not despair of being an happy, virtuous, and religious People, under a wise, good, and merciful Prince: Which, Gentlemen, is the sincere Wish of every true Citizen, of none more, than

Your most obedient Servant,

*Dec. 26*  
N<sup>o</sup>. 129, *Fore-Street*

JAMES PENN.

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## To the worthy Candidates.

GENTLEMEN,

**T**HE Time is approaching, when it will be expected that you should debauch the Senses of your Constituents. It is in your Power to prevent that Drunkenness and Profaneness, which will be the certain Consequences of opening Houses for Entertainment. It reflects no Honour upon a Man's Understanding to estimate his Interest by the number of Sots he can make. He cannot be accounted decent and sober himself, who encourages Gluttony

and Intemperance in an other. It is Custom. Break it. The respectable Part of the Livery are ashamed of it, and to the poorer Sort it is throwing Pearls before Swine. Ought they to feed on Chickens and Capons, whole Families are devouring Grains at home? You would shew your Generosity more by filling their Bellies, than by making the Fathers, through Wine and strong Drink, riotous, mischievous, and indolent. If you will bribe and corrupt, let it be the Poor, whose Souls will bless you, and whose Prayers will be offered up for your Success. Thunder not Exclamations against ministerial Measures, but against Monopolizers. The Railing against Courtiers, Placemen, and Pensioners, will not lessen the Price of Provisions. What is it to the Manufacturer or Mechanic, who is In, who Out, whilst they labour for the Wind; they eat, but are not satisfied; they are cloathed, but are not warm. The Poor of the Land not only look, but are actually starved; their meagre Looks shew, their Complaints prove it. Be the poor Man's Friend, this will entitle you to the public Esteem, reflect the greatest Honour on yourselves, and be of real Utility to a great Number of your Constituents. Permit me to mention to you another very useful Body of Men, who labour under great Hardships and Distresses at all Times, particularly in these, I mean the inferior Clergy. If you would interest yourselves in their Behalf, so as to have them



them placed in a Situation above Contempt, and to divide with the Laity the Spoils of Harry's Reformation, you would be doing Service, not more to the Craftsmen, than to the State. For as Morality is necessary for the Support, even the being of Government, and Religion is the best Support of Morality, its Preachers have a Right to a decent Maintainance ; they ask no more : They think it hard, they say not unjust to give them the Burden, and not the pay of a Porter. Good Men pray for it, and the superior Clergy will not oppose it. If something is not done for them, you will in a few Years have an ignorant, illiterate, miserable Clergy. The Consequences of which the Times of Monkish Ignorance and Wickedness will convince you. The Church already swarms with Coblers, Fiddlers, Bakers, Taylors, &c. and the Man is certainly a Fool, and a cruel Parent, who brings up his Son to a Profession, that will starve him. And I will challenge the whole B— of B— if any one of them, unless he hath an independant Fortune, would discharge the Offices of his Function only for Happiness in Reverſion. It is not reasonable that he should. And is it reasonable to confine the inferior Clergy to Bread and Water only ? The Feelings of Nature, in a Curate and Archbishop, are the same. The Sensations of Hunger and Thirst at present are in the former somewhat different from the latter. Make their Case, Gentlemen, a Subject of Parliamentary

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nary Enquiry, and Relief, for otherwise you will not have an useful Clergy. Endeavour to put a Stop to that insatiable Desire of increasing Possessions, by laying Field unto Field, and adding Farm unto Farm, to the Impoverishment of the little Farmer, and the Oppression of the Public. Be not wanting, to the utmost of your Power and Influence, to secure the Stability of Government, and to prevent its Dissolution, in crushing Faction, which is growing too hard for Justice, when Men of turbulent and resty Spirits insult Persons in Authority openly, and with Impunity. That you, Gentlemen, who shall be the successful Candidates may exert the Advantage of your Station for the Interest of your Constituents, the public Good, the Glory of your Sovereign, and the Honour of Religion, is the sincere Wish, and will be the Prayer, Gentlemen, of one, who is with all due Respect your

Most obedient Servant,

N<sup>o</sup>. 129,  
*Fore-Street.*

and Fellow Citizen,

JAMES PENN.

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PROVERBS, Chapt. xx. Verse 1.

*Wine is a Mocker ; strong Drink is raging, and  
whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise.*

**W**HAT, the Drunkard a Fool? The witty, the facetious, the humorist, a Fool? Even so. What Mirth without Wine? What Pleasantry without strong Drink? He could be no wise Man, cries the Sot, who said otherwise. There is no need of Argument to prove the Fallacy. The Sight of the Beast will be sufficient. Who hath Woe? Who hath Sorrow? Who hath Contention? Who hath Babbling? Who hath Wounds without Cause? They who tarry long at the Wine, and are mighty to drink strong Drink. If such Persons are to be accounted wise, well may we deserve the Appellation of some Foreigners, *The Island of Fools.*

Every one would be thought to be honest, and to have his Share of Sense with other Men. Yet so it is, the Drunkard is sure to turn out, either the Knave, or the Fool: The Liquor so operating, as to render him, either stupid, or wicked; insensible of the Injuries he receives himself, or regardless of the Mischiefs he doth to others. A fine Character! Excellent Encouragement for the Sin of Drunkenness, when a Man must be branded with one of the most infamous and odious Titles in Nature, and  
feel

feel the most goading and stinging Reflection to a reasonable Being, of being laughed at for a Fool, or detested for a Knave. If then there is any Pleasure in Excess, let the Drunkard enjoy it. Who need to envy him? It is well, if he can think himself happy, who suffers so much in Reversion.

Notwithstanding, Drunkenness is a Vice, which Custom seems to have authorized, and the Universality of it hath lessened its Odium. Nay, if we may credit the accomplished Fellows of the Age, though there may be such a Vice as Drunkenness, a Drunkard is scarce to be found. For let a Man have drank ever so much, so that he can neither walk, stand, nor speak, more senseless and stupid than an Ass, he is only said *to be merry*. An excellent Palliation! However it is a Sin that wants it: Though nothing can more strongly mark its Foulness, than for those, who are guilty, to be ashamed to own it, and to attempt to excuse it. These joyous Fellows, as they stile themselves, generally make very tragical Ends. Poverty, Disease, and Rags few of them escape. You may frequently hear of these choice Spirits languishing out their abandoned Lives in Pain and Misery, in Want and Infamy: Whom no Eye pities, no Hand offers to relieve. What cursed Fate awaits these Men, whose Distress cannot touch the human Heart, and almost makes Charity to be a Sin!

There are various Pretences used to excuse  
this

this Sin : Such as making Men friendly and sociable with one another ; enlivening the Spirit of Conversation ; and occasioning a generous Flow of Mirth and Humour. Cannot we be witty and in good Humour, without drinking deep of that, which makes us in the End Fools, or Madmen ? The natural Effects of Drunkenness are these ; “ It destroys agreeable Conversation, by making every one obstinate in his own Opinion, rude, impertinent, and turbulent ; it encourages and foment Disputes and Bickerings, and gives Birth to Raillery and indecent exclamations ; it often loses a Friend, by betraying his Secrets, insulting his Person or exposing his Character ; [*When was it ever known to have gained a true and real Friend?*] it often procures a Man an Enemy, never thoroughly reconciles one, and frequently occasions those, who met as Friends, to part as Enemies ; it adds no Improvement to the Understanding, unless obscene Jest and Songs, idle and profane Discourse, are to be accounted an Improvement. Improvement indeed ! When to please a vicious Taste, Men must damn their Soul.

Interest, a very powerful Plea, is pleaded by several to excuse this Sin. The more extensive, say they, the Connections are, the greater the Trade. Acquaintance is not to be had by living privately. Public Company is necessary to make a Man known in the World. Men who are honest and industrious want no Re-

D                      commendation.

commendation. The ingenious Artift or Mechanic cannot be concealed. Every one's Advantage is connected with his, fo that he can never fail of, nor want, Encouragement. If the Intereft of Families, as pretended, was confulted, why do they not retire, before Wine, or ftrong Drink, hath inflamed them? Midnight Revels betray, not a Spirit of Induftry, but a Love of Sotting. What encourages Indolence, and creates an Averfion to Labour, cannot be truly faid to promote and advance Trade. Is it not highly abfurd, for Men to think of ferving their Intereft by fuch Means, as render them incapable of managing and conducting their Bufinefs? Is the Man who cannot take Care of himfelf, fit to be trufted by another? What Confidence doth he deferve, who hath neither Memory to retain, nor Strength to execute, what is committed to him? Where one Family makes any confiderable Profit by it, twenty are ruined and beggared. Even thofe who are Gainers, reap no Satisfaction from it; as on that Account they are obliged frequently to affociate with fuch, whole Converfation is difagreeable, and whole Manners they hold in Abhorrence. Befides they feldom live long to enjoy, what is thus acquired, or by Sicknefs the Acquifition is confiderably diminifhed.

Can we conceive an Object more deplorable and contemptible, than a Man in Liquor, deprived of a Senfe of Feeling, and having his Underftanding poisoned? Yet we cannot re-  
 present

present to ourselves a Person more hurtful and dangerous. He is easily provoked, and his Resentment quickly inflamed; his Malice implacable, and his Passions ungovernable. And as it happens, that as his Reason weakens, Spirits, by the Strength of Wine, increase, so when provoked, he is ready to take Revenge. His intimate Acquaintance, his bosom Friend, falls undistinguished from his greatest Enemy: Both are alike sacrificed to his Intemperance. One Night's Debauch hath been productive of Evils, which the whole Life of Man after hath not been able to remedy, nor any future Conduct to make a proper Compensation for.

The most atrocious Sins and Villainies, the most shocking Cruelties and Barbarities, have been generally preceded by, or perpetrated in, Acts of Drunkenness. The Disputes, Animosities, and Jealousies in private Families, and amongst Neighbours, have frequently sprung from the same impure Fountain. What occasioned Lot to commit Incest? What was the principal Cause of the Deluge? What after its Cessation, gave Birth to that Variety of Evil, which prevailed in the World? What but this Sin of Drunkenness, which is the Source of most of the Misfortunes, Distresses, and Calamities, that affect Society in general, and individuals in particular.

If Drunkenness only disordered self, and was not prejudicial to others, the Sin would admit of some Extenuation. But the Drunkard, not

content with murdering himself, scatters Mischief all around him. His Tongue is full of Slander and Defamation: His Eyes are inflamed and burn with Lust: His Ears open to every base and scandalous Report: His Hands ready to commit any Violence, and his Feet swift to execute it. For Wine, or Strong Drink, hardens him against the Fear of Danger, stifles Remorse, renders him insensible of shame, prompts him to the meanest Gratifications, and urges him on to the most cruel and ungenerous Actions. Otherwise it would not have been possible for Man, by Nature a kind and benevolent Being, to have been concerned in the infamous Crimes of Fraud, Perjury, Theft, and Murder. The Perpetrators themselves have confessed as much, and heartily lamented and bewailed, when sober, what, when heated with Liquor, they gloried in.

Infinite are the Mischiefs, it hath been, and ever will be, productive of. Can you then be too much upon your Guard? A Man in Liquor is absent from himself. How can he, in whom the Powers of Reason, Religion, and Conscience are all hushed or stupified, but readily listen to and commit every Thing base, or wicked? No Crime so infamous, but he will commit; no Villainy so detestable, but he will perpetrate; no Sin whatever shocks him. Sins which, when sober, he could not hear mentioned without Horrour, even tremble to think of, he will be guilty of without the least Ter-  
rour



rou or Uneasiness, perhaps with a Degree of Pleasure and Satisfaction. There is not any Thing dangerous or presumptuous, that he will not easily engage in, for as he knows not, what he doth, so neither cares he, what he doth.

If you seriously reflected upon these alarming and terrible Consequences of excessive drinking; consequences which no one, who is accustomed to it, can guard against, or be sure of avoiding, because, when in Liquor, he is not himself, and hath neither Knowledge, nor Command of his Actions, you would never be guilty of the Sin. However pleasing to the Sight, and agreeable to the Taste, you would view the intoxicating Juice, when sparkling in the Cup, with Fear, and use it with Caution, remembring that it lies in wait to deceive, to string you like an Adder, by tripping up your Heels; or, to bite like a Serpent, by poisoning your Senses and Reason, and laying you open to all Manner of Vice and Wickedness.

Not only the Laws of his Country are held in Contempt by the Drunkard, but he sets even Heaven at Defiance, and, by his Oaths, Execrations, and Blasphemies, dares the Vengeance of Omnipotence. How often is the sacred Name called upon to give a Sanction to an obscene Jest, and to gain Credit to a notorious Falshood. This is, as it were, setting the Seal to his Damnation, and sinking him into irrecoverable Perdition, without receiving the least additional Pleasure: Such is the Nature of this  
 infernal

infernal Sin. If God was as ready to hear, as such Wretches are to vent their horrid Curses, how suddenly would they perish, and come to a fearful End ! But God is more gracious and merciful, than they deserve. Happy for them, if they make a proper and timely Use of it.

Lying, the meanest and most despicable Vice in human Nature, always accompanies the Sin of Drunkenness. The Drunkard is a Composition of Lies and Falshoods. His Wit lies in little else. No Regard is paid to any Person's Reputation. If he can raise a Laugh, no Matter what Injury is done, nor who suffers from it. These Words, smother than Oil, are drawn Swords, or envenomed Arrows, which wound the Soul of Man. No one can sit patiently, to hear his Weakness exposed, or his Infirmities made a Jest of : For this makes him to appear little and insignificant in the Opinion of other Men, and consequently must affect his Credit, prejudice his Interest, and lessen his Importance.

What Compensation is it, for the Mischief occasioned by a lying and malevolent Tongue, for the Drunkard to say, I was only in Sport, no Harm was intended. This is first stabbing a Man, and then offering a Salve for the Wound : Like a Thief pleading Necessity to excuse Injustice : Like Joab saluting Abner with one Hand, and with the other thrusting a Dagger into his Heart.

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The Drunkard looks upon himself as privileged to say any Thing, provided it affords Pleasure to his Hearers. Such Persons are too welcome Guests every where. Though every one exclaims against Detraction and Defamation, there are few, who do not listen with a secret Satisfaction to the Words of the Scoffer, and are apt to propagate that for a Truth, which they heard for a Jest. How many suffer through this diabolical Wit. To guard against it is impossible, as the Persons ridiculed are generally absent, and consequently ignorant of what hath passed. This is Coward like, stabbing a Man in the Dark, or falling upon him, like an Assassin, in the Dark.

But is there not Truth in Wine? Fatal Truths very often. It occasions Men to speak, what they should most carefully conceal, and exposes their Inability and Weakness, which it is for their Interest to keep a Secret. However successful in dissembling, when sober, there is no playing the Hypocrite, when drunk. The more the Person is disguised in Liquor, the more open his Heart generally is. It makes wise Men to appear as Fools, and very unluckily indeed, it shews Fools, before not known to be such, what they really are, not wise: It takes away every one off his Guard, leaving no one the command of himself, his Words, or his Actions.

Though excess of Drink differently operates upon different Persons, it hath this same  
Effect

Effect upon all, in changing the very Nature of Man, by perverting, stupifying, or annihilating the Powers of Reason. See one, like a Log, insensible and regardless of whatever is said, or done, to him.—Behold another, like a Beast, foaming out his own Shame, or wallowing in his own Filth and Nastiness.—See one, like a Madman, full of antic Gestures and ridiculous Grimaces, or roaring out horrid Blasphemies against his Creator, or imprecating the most direful Curses upon his own Head.—Behold another, like the grand Apostate, sits brooding of Mischief, and contriving Ways of gratifying his Malice and Revenge. \* What Pity is it, that such, who have only the Form and Figure of Men, should be numbered amongst the human Species. Was it for this Purpose. O Man, that Heaven manifested its Goodness towards thee, in communicating to thee a Likeness of itself? What a shameful Prostitution of those divine Powers, which distinguish you from the Brute, and puts you upon a Level with Angels! If he, who did not improve the Talent given to him, but hid it in the Earth, was by our Saviour consigned over to everlasting Perdition, how much more doth he deserve so severe a Punishment, who shall bury it in a Dunghill. Such a Person is not fit to live, and,

\* These different Sorts of Drunkards may be seen on the Evening of an Election Feast.

and you will say, very unfit to die. Happiness in another Life he is not deserving of. And indeed Heaven would be ill bestowed on one, who could not have any Sensation of its Pleasures. What Perception hath a Beast of rational Enjoyments? As little can the sensualist be supposed to have. As then the Happiness of Heaven is thought to consist in the proper and full Exercise of the divine Powers within us, they certainly will be excluded, whose Delight is centered in the Gratification of Sense. It would be no Happiness, but a Punishment, to such, who could partake of no Pleasure, to be admitted into that Place.

It may be said, Do you condemn all Manner of Drinking? Is it a Sin for Men to associate together? Cannot we be chearful, and yet innocent? Is it a Crime to devote an Hour to harmless Mirth, and the Enjoyment of a Friend? Is not a little Refreshment and Recreation, after the Fatigue of Business, necessary for bodily Health? Mistake me not. Whilst we are censuring the Abuse, and shewing both the Folly and Danger of it, we do not condemn the Use of Wine. The Scripture saith indeed, that we are not to be drunk with Wine, yet it recommends it for the Stomach's Sake. It was one of the Curses denounced by Moses against the Israelites for future Disobedience, that they should plant Vineyards, but not drink of the Fruit. And the Prophet Isaiah mentions it as one of the Evils that affected his Country, that their Wine

was mixt with Water. Though we should not affociate with Wine Bibbers, who, as faith the Prophet, make us sick with their Bottles, and will certainly occasion us to err and transgress, yet it is no Sin to be found amongst Wine Drinkers, who enliven our Spirits, without injuring the Constitution, or destroying the Senses.

To avoid Excess in Drink, let every one be careful. Let his own Strength and Prudence prescribe to him the Bounds of Temperance, which he should not exceed. He may however be assured, that he hath exceeded them, whenever he appears to be loud, noisy, rude, obstinate, censorious. When his Hands begin to shake, his Tongue to falter, his Eyes to look red, and his Knees to be feeble, let them be certain Signs to him, that he is upon the Verge of Intemperance, and that it is necessary for him immediately to retire. One Drop more will be injurious to his Constitution, turn his Liberty into Licentiousness, and make his Pleasure a Sin.

#### TO CONCLUDE.

If, notwithstanding what hath been said, the Drunkard will not refrain from his pernicious Ways; if no Regard for his Health, his Reputation, his Interest can influence him, nor the Apprehension of the Crimes and Sins, which when inflamed with Liquor, he may be easily wrought upon, without Reluctance or Remorse, to commit, deter, or make him afraid, we must leave the unhappy Wretch to wallow in the

the Mire, till Age and Infirmary have overtaken him, Distress, Poverty, and Want have come upon him, and Experience convinces him, that he is a Fool.

F I N I S.

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In Compliance with the Demand of the Public,  
A SECOND EDITION OF  
**THE SLEEPY SERMON,**

WITH AN

ADDRESS to the Laity, and another to the Clergy,  
is in the Press.

To which will be annexed the Heads of several  
Letters received, during the Months of *August*  
and *September*.

E R R A T U M.

Read Turkey and Chine,—instead of Turtle.















